STORY OF AN INDIAN "WAR"

FACTS ABOUT THE "UPRISING" LED BY CRAZY SNAKE.

The Scare Oklahoma Got Into Over the Timorous Snake Band—War in Which Not a Gun Was Fired—Frightened Women Besieged in Their Home.

GUTHRIE, Okla., April 24.—To restore order and suppress an "uprising" of the Snake band of the Creek Indians, one of the Five Civilized Tribes, 175 men and officers of the Oklahoma State Militia were sent lately to the counties of McIntosh and Okmulgee. Crazy Snake, leader of the Snake band, whose Indian name is Chitto Harjo, was portrayed as a bloodthirsty savage, bent upon massacering all the white citizens in that part of Oklahoma inhabited by the Snakes. The militia were in the field ten days and the demonstration cost the State $5,000 or $6,000. Not a drop of blood was shed or a gun fired.

That is one phase of a "war" sensational accounts of which have done much harm to the reputation of Oklahoma, especially in Eastern States, where the falsehoods were accepted as truth and where there is difficulty in refuting them. The truth about the affair involves the recital of the efforts of misguided fullblood Indians to save themselves from the flood of white civilization that is beating in upon them and to maintain themselves in the simple life of their ancestors.

It should be known that none of the Five Civilized Tribes resembles the plains or reservation Indians, save in color, physiognomy and temperament. For generations they have been surrounded by white men, but in sparsely settled regions where they have been able to live isolated in their log cabins, cultivating a few acres of ground for corn and vegetables and getting their meat from native hogs run wild and such game as they could find.

They abandoned moccasins and blankets so many years ago that their oldest men now living cannot remember their use. Their hair is not worn plaited but in the fashion of white men. Their clothing is made in the factories of New York, as it has been for generations. They do not paint their faces, and their only personal adornments are earrings worn by a few men and combs and bead necklaces worn by the women.

The Snake Indians are perhaps less superstitious than the average negro. They still maintain their clan organizations and have some dance ceremonies, few of them with any religious significance. There are more than forty tribal towns among the Creeks.

Intense rivalry is shown in their ball games, and in the contests the forty towns are about equally divided between the contending teams, this alignment probably having an ancient origin. They are skilled in the use of herbs in the treatment of disease, and their native doctors have remarkable success in the treatment of gunshot wounds with embrocations of herbs.

The favorite food of the Snakes is "sofky," the product of flint corn. The corn is dampened and pounded in a mortar until it is broken and the husk removed. It is then boiled until soft and edible, seasoned with ash lye and placed in a large jar, which may be found always beside the fireplace in a Snake cabin. Sofky seems to be wholesome and nutritious, but a steady diet of it palls upon a white man's palate. To the best sofky hickory nuts are added.

Of all the bands or clans of the Creek nation the Snakes have been the least progressive and the most intolerant of white men. Crazy Snake, their leader, not their clan chief, was conspicuous in leading their opposition to the allotment of their lands in severalty and the abandonment of tribal government.

Crazy Snake has an ideal Indian face, is strong and sinewy of frame and is perhaps the most eloquent orator in the Five Civilized Tribes. He is now about 75. He believes with his whole heart that the Creek treaty with the United States Government in 1832, though broken, should still govern. That treaty gave to the Creeks their present lands to be held in common and protected against the intrusion of white men "so long as water runs and grass grows."

There has never been a moment that Crazy Snake has not been pleading for recognition of this treaty. He told his Snake followers not to sign or in any way to recognize the allotment treaty of several years ago, and they obeyed him More than that, they refused to choose allotments after the tribal lands had been segregated, and the Dawes commission was compelled arbitrarily to assign allotments to the Snakes.

Unhappily for Crazy Snake and his followers, certain white men whisper to him that they have power to induce Congress to do what Crazy Snake is fighting for, and Crazy Snake believes them. That is his weakness. They tell Crazy Snake and his people that money is needed to win the fight, and the Indians beggar themselves to get it.

A blanket is placed on the ground at the councils and each Indian is told to toss his contribution on it. Large sums of money have been raised in this way from the 600 Snakes.

These councils were held at Hickory Ground, six miles east of the town of Henryetta.

A number of native horsemen were chosen to preserve order and to enforce the orders of Crazy Snake. One of their duties was to keep the intruders from their place of council. For infractions of the rules of camp life these horsemen inflicted punishment by whipping on the bare back with hickory withes.

The fullblood Snake Creek Indian is a timid, inoffensive, impoverished being. Living among the Snakes are negroes who are slaves or descendants of slaves once owned by the Creeks. Through intermarriage most of them have Creek Indian blood in their veins. They have received allotments of Creek lands. Unlike the Snakes, they are many of them vicious and revengeful and dangerous when drunk.

In 1901 disturbances arose at Hickory Ground; the report spread that Crazy Snake and his people were preparing to go on the warpath, and Crazy Snake was sent to jail for a few months. In July, 1908, stories of another Snake Creek "war" were circulated. Adjutant-General Frank Canton, an old frontiersman, went to Hickory Ground and learned from Crazy Snake that his light horsemen bore arms to protect the camp and the women and children against lawless characters and to suppress the sale of whiskey. Crazy Snake agreed to disarm his men, but asked that three be permitted to retain their weapons, to police the camp, which was granted. The excitement passed away.

From that council came the trouble at Hickory Ground last month. Creek negroes and negroes from outside States who attended that council remained on the ground after the departure of the Snake Indians to their homes in the hills. A village of tents and huts grew up.

Having no means of support, the negroes stole chickens, corn, bacon, &c., from the neighboring farms and occasionally killed a hog, which quickly provoked hostility between them and the white farmers. Local officers went to the camp on March 16 to search for stolen meat. They were resisted and fired upon. It is said that there was not a Snake Indian in the camp. Nevertheless the news spread that there was an outbreak of Indians and that they were preparing to kill the white inhabitants and fire the buildings in the neighboring towns.

Most of the negroes in the camp were arrested. One negro was killed and several white men wounded, though newspaper despatches placed the fatalities as high as 30 or 40.

Crazy Snake was suspected of having had some part in the fight. A force of deputy sheriffs was sent from Checotah to arrest him at his home near Pierce. On their appearance near the house Crazy Snake and his companions started to run away. The deputies shot at the fugitives and a general fight took place. Two deputies, Edward Baum and Hermann Odhom, were killed. Crazy Snake was shot through the leg, but he escaped.

The home of Crazy Snake was burned to the ground the next day by unknown persons. There is suspicion that there may have been bullet holes in the house and that it may have been fired upon by the deputies without warning to its inmates. The fire destroyed any evidence of this.

After this there could of course no longer be any doubt that the Snake Indians were "on the warpath, scalping defenceless settlers and pillaging the country." Dozens of men, "highly respected in their communities," were said to have been eyewitnesses of such atrocities, and the yellow newspapers were filled with thrilling accounts of what was taking place. An appeal was made to Gov. Haskell for State troops, and on March 28 Col. Roy Hoffman with five companies of State militia was sent into the field.

The timid Snake Indians as well as the Creek negroes had deserted their homes and hidden themselves in the hills, most of them in terror of the swarms of deputy sheriffs and constables now riding the country.

The constant endeavor of the troops was to capture Crazy Snake. His kinsmen and friends were told that Col. Hoffman would give him the utmost protection. Crazy Snake was known to be accompanied by a stanch ally named Pin Harjo. The latter is a dwarf. In the Green Peach war, a Creek tribal rebellion of many years ago, he was credited with having killed thirty-two of his tribesmen.

To look after the fullblood Indians the Federal Government sent a number of its agents into the field, among them Thompson Tiger, official interpreter and son of Moty Tiger, chief of the Creek Nation.

The troops had a number of perilous adventures. Late one night news came that Crazy Snake was at the home of an Indian woman on the north bank of the North Canadian River below Weleetka. He was reported to have ten or twelve armed men secreted in the timber around the house to resist attack. A squad of deputy sheriffs had surrounded the house pending the arrival of the troops, the deputies not wishing to risk a night battle in the timber.

Sam Cook, one of the Cook brothers, noted outlaws, most of whom were shot or hanged during the early days of outlawry in Indian Territory, was employed to guide the troops to the spot. When they arrived the deputies reported positively that late that afternoon more than twenty heavily armed negroes had jumped from a freight train about a mile up the road and gone to the assistance of the men at the home of the Indian woman.

Under the circumstances the soldiers advanced cautiously on the house. Fred Cook, district Indian agent, proposed that he should go ahead with Legus Jones, son of Crazy Snake, and Thompson Tiger, the interpreter, to hold a parley, not believing that Crazy Snake would allow his men to fire upon his son.

"Here's where an Indian gets into trouble for knowing too damned much by understanding the English language and the ways of the white man," said Thompson Tiger. Tiger has a fine sense of humor. "I haven't lost any Snake Indians nor anything else in this god-forsaken country," continued Tiger. "I am drawing my salary for the sole and exclusive duty of talking, not fighting, but I guess my hand has been called, so here goes." Tiger was unarmed and went in with his teeth set.

With his two companions, Cook moved quickly to the first house in sight and called to those within. No reply. Tearing a board from the side he peered in and found his face squarely against that of an Indian women paralyzed with fright. Several women and a man came from the house, when told that they would not be harmed. They said that Crazy Snake was not there. Tiger knew them and believed them.

Half a mile away was another house.

"That's the place where these strange men have been staying," said a settler who lived in the neighborhood. "They've been sending the women down here to sleep at night, to have them out of the way if there should be a fight."

Orders were given to advance and surround the house. The advance was made with extreme caution, the shelter of trees not being overlooked. The house was surrounded at a distance of about 150 yards.

A newspaper correspondent, armed with two battered but sure shooting cameras, had planted himself at the base of a white oak tree of ample girth and was congratulating himself upon the situation when a deputy with a rifle as long as a fence rail came crawling up from the rear. This deputy manifested extreme affection for the tree. He was so fond of it, in fact, that he rooted the newspaper correspondent aside and exposed that timid civilian to all the immediate horrors of war. Another deputy crawled out of the darkness, wormed himself carefully between the legs of his outstretched companion and lay flat on the latter's body, a kind of two deck arrangement.

One of the women had been brought from the other house and told to enter the house that had been surrounded, which she did. There was no response for four or five minutes. Cook, with Jones and Tiger, the latter still deprecating his knowledge of the English language, broke the suspense by going to the house and routing out its inmates.

A man and half a dozen women and children came shivering into the yard. Neither Crazy Snake nor any other man had been there. Tiger knew and believed them.

This was the kind of service the troops saw day after day in the Crazy Snake "war."

Crazy Snake was still in the hills when the troops were disbanded. He is reluctant to surrender because of his fear of mob violence.

The grievances of Crazy Snake were stated in an appeal he made to the Senate committee that investigated matters connected with the affairs of Indian Territory in 1907. The members of the committee were Senators C. D. Clark of Wyoming, chairman; Chester I. Long of Kansas, Frank B. Brandegee of Connecticut, Henry M. Teller of Colorado and William A. Clarke of Montana. Crazy Snake spoke with intense feeling. In part he said:

"I am here and stand before you today, my fathers, as a man of misery. I am here appealing to you to have the laws carried out.

"The troubles were always about taking my country away from me. I could live in peace with all else, but they wanted my country and I was in trouble defending it. It was no use. They were bound to take my country away from me. It may have been that my country had to be taken away from me, but it was not justice.

"I have always been asking for justice. I never asked for anything else but justice. I never had justice. First it was this and then it was something else that was taken away from me and my people, so we couldn't stay there any more.

"It was a treaty—a solemn treaty. We made terms of peace, for it had been war. Then it was the overtures of the Government to my people to leave their land, the home of their fathers, the land that they loved. He said 'It will be better for you to do as I want, for these old treaties cannot be kept any longer.' He said 'You look away off to the West, away over backward, and there you will see a great river called the Mississippi, and away over beyond that there is another river called the Arkansas River,' and he said 'You go away out there and you will find a land that is fair to look upon and is fertile, and you go there with your people and I will give that country to you and your people forever.'

"He said 'Go away out there beyond these two rivers, away out the direction of the setting sun, and select your land—what you want of it—and I will locate you and your people there and will protect you as long as the sun shines, grass grows and water runs.' He said 'Go away out there to this land toward the setting sun and take your people with you and locate them there, and I will give you that land forever, and I will protect you and your children in it forever.'

"That was the agreement and the treaty, and I and my people came out here and we settled on this land, and I carried out these agreements on all points and violated none. I came over and located here.

"All that I am begging of you, honorable Senators, is that these ancient agreements and treaties wherein you promised to take care of me and my people be fulfilled and that you will remove all the difficulties that have been raised in reference to my people and their country, and I ask you to see that these promises are faithfully kept. That is all I desire to say."

Crazy Snake did not know that his entreaties were falling upon deaf ears, that all he complained of had been done irrevocably and that his tribal government had ended forever.

In his view of life Crazy Snake is as primitive as were his ancestors. He would have his people live only upon the natural products of the earth, as they did centuries ago, abstaining from the use of manufactured articles. For that reason he believes that manufactured salt and baker's bread and canned goods are abominations.

In his marital relations Crazy Snake follows the ancient customs of the Creeks, ignoring all marriage ceremonies and living with wives by mutual agreement. Hoktuchee (Little Girl), one of Crazy Snake's wives, whose pictures appear with this article, is a kindly old woman who lives with her brother near the town of Pierce.

One of Crazy Snake's sons, Legus Jones, a sickly, inoffensive man, lives near him. Salina Jacobs, Crazy Snake's married daughter, is a woman of intelligence.

CRAZY SNAKE. OLD HOME OF CRAZY SNAKE. HOKTUCHEE, CRAZY SNAKE'S WIFE IN FOREGROUND, SALINA JACOBS, HIS DAUGHTER IN BACKGROUND.

A HICKORY GROUND NEGRO.

SAM COOK, THE GUIDE.

JOHNSON TIGER, CREEK INTERPRETER.

A CREEK NEGRO.

A TYPE OF SNAKE INDIAN.

GROUP OF SNAKE INDIANS AND NEGROES UNDER ARREST.

A CREEK COUNTRY COWBOY.

DIGGING OUT THE SNAPPER

TURTLES FIND READY MARKET IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Season Is Now On and in Two New Jersey Counties They Are Catching and Skinning Eels for Bait—Victims Are "Bridled" Before They're Shipped.

"Philadelphia has now its annual game of eager expectancy fixed on Hunterdon and Mercer counties, New Jersey," said a man who lives very near to those divisions of the Mosquito State, "and the local catchers are getting ready to haul out eels and skin 'em. Snapper bait is what those eels are handed out and skinned for. No other morsel tempts the snapper like skinned eels, and no morsel seems to carry to the Philadelphia gastronome such satisfying quality of epicurean delight as snapper.

"Snapper? He is the big and ugly saurian armored like a crocodile that rises on his four stout legs when he is mad, throws out from its hiding place in his corrugated shell a trip hammer head at the end of a thick wrinkled neck and lays hold with a pair of vicelike horny jaws onto anything he has reached for. He is known to science as Chalydra serpentina and to the sententious but apt popular vocabulary of west Jersey as snappin' torkle. He is the big ambitious turtle it would surprise the New Yorker to see in his home market.

"But Philadelphia dotes on the snapper, and spring delights have not returned until the snapper comes up out of the mud. Philadelphia depends largely on Hunterdon and Mercer counties for its snappers. It isn't because the snappers of those counties are any better than those that the subaqueous mud of other districts yields, but the industry of snapper fishing and mining seems to have been systematized and carried on in Hunterdon and Mercer counties as it has nowhere use, and thus their snapper supply is ever dependable.

"Fishing for snapping turtles in the sluggish and muddy bottomed creeks of west Jersey, connected as it is somewhat with mining, isn't something you might put on the list of high class sports, but yet there are times when you may have quite a lot of excitement along with it when you get a forty pound snapper in the boat with you, for instance. Such snappers of that bulk are by no means uncommon. A snapper such as that isn't as quick as a bulldog, but he can fight like it, and if you are inclined to leave him unhampered he will give you as lively a time as you care to seek.

"The water in which this turtle fishing is done is about three feet deep. The depth of the mud where the mining for 'em takes place nobody knows exactly, but the snapper goes down into it to where from a foot and a half to two feet. Stout lines are fastened to stakes driven into the muddy bottom of the creek, six feet or so apart. Each line is tied to a ring in a very strong but not large fish hook. The hooks are baited with chunks of skinned eel.

"The snapper lines are left to themselves from an hour and a half to two hours. Then the fisherman rows out in his flat bottom boat to inspect them.

"The Jersey fisherman then knows whether a snapper is on his line or not the instant he pulls a stake out of the mud, for if there is, the line won't come along up with the stake. The moment one of those snappers feels the hook in his jaw he burrows down in the mud on the creek bottom, buries himself and stays there. If he only knew it he could have walked away with hook, line, stake and all. Then it is up to the fisherman to turn miner. He is equipped with a long and strong stake, fashioned for the purpose, and with it he digs down, gets the end of it under the snapper and pries him out of the mud. Then he pulls him up to the top of the water by the line.

"Watching his chance now, the fisherman gets the snapper by the tail and hauls him into the boat. Once in the boat the snapper is in for fight, and the only way his captor can handle him is to take him in hand after a custom peculiar to these Jersey snapper fisheries and put the bridle on him. A stout stick, an inch wide and four inches long, with a long string tied to one end of it, is held out.

"The instant the turtle sees it he shoots out his head and snaps his jaws on the stick. The string is then passed along one side of him, under his shell at the tail, and along the other side, and then tied to the end of the stick at the side of his head. Then he is bitted and bridled. He is unable to close his jaws on the fisherman's fingers, the hook is removed from his mouth and the snapper is ready to be forwarded to Philadelphia and a market. Of course the snapper could be knocked in the head with an axe when landed in the boat and the fight ended then and there, but then he would be dead meat, and might just as well have been left unmoved in the mud, for Philadelphia takes only snappers on the hoof, so to speak.

"Thousands of snapping turtles are fished for and mined in Hunterdon and Mercer counties during the season, and most of them are shipped to Philadelphia. The snapper harvesters don't care to catch the very large snappers, for turtles weighing from ten to twenty pounds are the best. There is a tradition in Hunterdon county that once a seventy-five pound snapper was taken from one of its creeks, but Hunterdon county tradition is proverbially something of a ghost itself. Philadelphia pays sometimes as much as $1.50 a head for Jersey snappers, but the average price is 75 cents."

FRANCE'S BETTING PROBLEM.

Attempts to Enact a Law That Will Put Bookmakers Out of Business.

PARIS, April 8.—A new phase of the betting problem has come up in France. Some eighteen years ago the Government discovered that betting on horse races was immoral and forbade it by law. It was immediately found that without betting nobody went to the races, and horse breeding, an important industry in a country that needs cavalry, began to suffer. So the pari mutuels system was introduced and the Government received a percentage of all money wagered to spend on public works.

Bookmakers were thus eliminated, as a paragraph of the law said that "whoever shall in any place or form practise betting by offering bets to all comers" shall be liable to certain severe penalties.

This law was intended to make it possible for two individuals to make a bet together. War was waged successfully on professional bookmakers and their business was practically killed, but during the last two or three years it has revived. Prosecutions for betting have failed, the bookmakers pleading that they did not accept them from "all comers" but only from people they knew personally.

The failure of two or three test cases of this kind so encouraged bookmaking that the Government found that last year its percentage from the pari mutuels was $5,000,000 less than in 1907 and that for the first three months of this year the deficit is nearly $1,300,000 as compared with 1908. M. Ruan, the Minister for Agriculture, has therefore drawn up a new regulation, which is practically certain to become law, in which he has eliminated the words "to all comers" and which reads: "Whoever shall have habitually, in any place or form, offered, given or received bets on horse races shall be liable to the penalties of article 410 of the Penal Code."

The penalties are imprisonment for at least two or at most six months, with a fine from $20 to $1,200. The lawyers are now looking forward to test cases on the meaning of "habitually."

MARKET BASKET TOWNS

WHERE HOUSEKEEPERS DO NOT ORDER BY PHONE.

All Social Grades Represented in the Crowd in Some Cities—The Market Basket as a Financial Barometer—Picturesque Pennsylvania Markets.

Housekeepers of the market basket towns are looking forward to the time when the tariff tinkers will have finished their schedules, hoping that then their big market baskets may be brought down from the high shelf where they have been with only short intervals of use for more than a year.

Market basket towns tell the story of the amount spent for daily supplies mighty quickly, for, except in the South, they are apt to be industrial centres. The bigger the baskets in the morning parade the happier the housekeepers. When the basket is still big but the boys offer to carry it for one instead of two, dents things are a wife uneasy at least. When most of the big baskets are left at home to be replaced by smaller baskets times are hard, but when many men appear in place of the wives in the day market then it is safe to assume that the town is eating up its savings.

She who sits down to the phone and reels off her daily order to butcher, grocer and fruit dealer has no idea how widely the market basket still reigns in towns all over the country east of the Mississippi. Market day is an institution beginning on the Jersey border in towns retaining Pennsylvania German traits and stretching south along the Atlantic coast to the Gulf States. In the last few years the large market and grocery combined has appeared with delivery wagons, but the market man still is the housekeeper's best source of supply.

While the market basket woman gets her money's worth and the telephone woman seldom does, it is also a heap of fun to go to a real market on a real market day. It is the gossip centre, the clearing house for the day's engagements, because every one who is anybody is at the market, and usually the best housekeepers are among the earliest comers.

Of course the New Orleans market is famed. Washington has several markets, including a Saturday night market for negroes, that are a series of studies in light and shade for any artist. Its great central market in the armory will rank with the finest in the world and perhaps has seen more famous women under its roof than any other.

Cabinet women in several Administrations have been regular marketers there. The ladies of the Cleveland Administrations in particular set the women of the country a good example by their attention to their marketing. The market on the Saturday before Easter is a beautiful sight with its masses of flowers.

Baltimore has its sea food market that is a sight worth a visit. The St. Louis market ranks with Washington in some ways in variety. Boston is a market basket town at 6 o'clock every Saturday night down around old Faneuil Hall, or rather it is a shawl strap and patent handle affair.

In Frederick, Md., market is held twice a week at about 5 A. M., and at 5:30 bankers' wives and other eminent housekeepers of Maryland's old families bargain for the pick of the rich dairy and vegetable products. By 7 o'clock nothing worth looking at is left.

In the Ohio towns, where the plain people are common, market day is especially good. In Dayton on market day the leading shopping street is lined with the funny little market wagons backed up to the sidewalks to display their stocks. One department store has to keep two boys at the door checking market baskets. They are set on the floor so thickly that one can hardly get in sometimes, and in the spring especially every woman has spent her two or three or five cents for flowers, so that the floor seems a flower garden.

It is in the Pennsylvania German towns that market is most interesting. At Easton, Pa., market is held three mornings a week around the little square, which is not really square but a circle, with its little round park in the centre. Here is said to be where the flag Betsey Ross made was first flown.

Around the circle are grouped the carts and odd stands, the latter under makeshift awnings that increase the picturesqueness of the scene. Everything goes in the market. One little girl was a picture hugging three funny brown puppies she wanted to sell. By 11 o'clock everything was cleared away.

Down in Lebanon and Lancaster the costumes of the people show the Amish, Mennonite and Moravian influence. In Lebanon the first market is at 4 A. M., the second at 8, the third at 2 P. M. and another about 6. Four o'clock market is patronized by many women who would not think of going to the two later markets, but might go to the evening market to get fresher fruits or vegetables for Sunday.

The farmers who have the 4 o'clock market stands begin coming into town by 9 P. M. the day before. After their goods are sold they in turn will do some trading, although when no one in the family has a button on his clothes and never a frill or a feather it would seem as if dry goods stores would do little business with them.

The 8 o'clock market is the chief market of the day. To visit it is like roaming in a strange land, for the round faced women in their plain gowns and straight sided bonnets often speak no English. Many of "Tilly the Mennonnite" or Amish Sabina can be seen, although Lebanon men frown at the mention of them.

This market is the place to find odd things. Pokeberry greens are here, little bunches of pinkish green stalks never found elsewhere for sale; but many articles that are found in the usual market are not to be had at any price here. You may rush around, look at things and have your orders laid aside before 8 o'clock, but no money must be exchanged until the big bell strikes 8. Then a host of people pass over their money and get their purchases.

In the Lancaster markets the Moravian influence is also marked. Such cakes as there are—German cakes, crumb pies, snitz pies, big round German bread loaves, fried cakes and such cheeses, German schmierkäse, and apple butter.

Every housekeeper has her favorite butter maker and usually her egg man. The charm of the place is the feeling that the stuff all has been home prepared. It would make a dyspeptic happy.

Even the most virulent opponent of veal would succumb to its attractions to see it sliced up by a pretty Mennonite maid such as now and then serves customers at one of the meat stands. Tall, stalwart, elderly Mennonite women run some of the butcher stands.

The market basket here is almost a badge of social standing. A Lancaster child has her play market basket sooner than a cradle for her doll. Even the little boys can be seen in the market with their mothers carrying little baskets full of little parcels.

In the Lancaster market the farm women all make a specialty of flowers. For the flower painters there are many studies, and one of the Amish women with a tub of lilies and a neighbor with almost as many immense flaunting poppies are a picture not seen elsewhere.

These are not half the fascinating markets of the country. Wherever they may be the women are looking for the return of the big basket day.